TEN THOUSAND A YEAR

BY SAMUEL WARREN
1807-1877

MR. GAMMON DECIDED THAT HE WOULD MARRY MISS AUBREY HIMSELF.

Samuel Warren was an eminent London lawyer and into the story of "Ten Thousand a Year" he put, in a clarified form, so much of legal knowledge that no one can read it without realizing that the common law practice is not so hard, after all, to understand.

Every law student should read it, for, though in this country—and, in fact, in England—the common law has been modified by statute, yet it is upon the basis of the common law that everything legal is built up.

Warren says in one of his introductions to one of the many editions of the story that he wrote the book "in a grave and earnest spirit."

It has remained for over seventy years one of the English classics and though not so much read now as formerly still enjoys a popularity as well as a standing that time hardly diminishes.

Wanted—Next of Kin.

NEXT OF KIN IMPORTANT.

The next of kin, if any such there be, of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, formerly of Whitehaven, cordwainer, and who died somewhere about the year 1793 in London, may hear of something of the greatest result, important to himself, by quickly communicating with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap, solicitors, Saffron Hill.

When Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, clerk in the dry goods shop of Tagrag & Company, read this advertisement in the Sunday Flash, new visions inspired him, new hopes dawned upon him.

Mr. Titmouse was a young man, neither very witty nor very handsome. His chief endowments were a hearty abhorrence of work and a hearty delight in showy clothing.

He had also a tendency toward dissipation, but a salary of £[illegible] a year did not allow him to indulge in this proclivity.

Mr. Titmouse went to see the solicitors mentioned in the advertisement. The firm was one of rather doubtful standing—reputable lawyers looked askance at them.

Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse.

The lawyers informed Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse that he was probably heir to an estate in Yorkshire—an estate which brought in a rental of $10,000 a year.

Mr. Titmouse felt himself competent to the situation and considered that he was only coming into a position which his merits had long qualified him to fill.

Now the reason for the advertisement which had given Mr. Titmouse such a thrill was this: The estate of Yatton, in Yorkshire, had been occupied for ten years by Charles Aubrey, a member of Parliament, and a man who had only one life between himself and a peerage.

Mr. Aubrey was a man of learning, refinement and ability. When Mr. Aubrey married Agnes St. Clair, the daughter of an army officer who had been killed in the Napoleonic wars, he naturally told his solicitor, Mr. Parkinson, of the neighboring town of Griston, to draw up the settlements.

A Secret as Capital.

In the office of Mr. Parkinson there happened to be a clerk named Steggers—sharp and unscrupulous. This Steggers had the detail of the work of these settlements given him to do.

The fellow, in looking over the records of the family deeds, discovered a seeming flaw in the title of Charles Aubrey to the estate at Yatton.

He mentioned the fact to his employer, who mentioned it to Mr. Aubrey. Both dismissed it from their minds as a matter of little importance—the estate had been held for three generations with the inheritance unchanged.

Steggers made copious notes of many professional secrets in charge of lawyer Parkinson, and among them was the secret of the cloud upon the title of the Yatton estate.

He absconded with money belonging to his employer and was arrested in London, where he employed Quirk, Gammon and Snap as his attorneys, and these attorneys took his ill-gotten money and his ill-gotten secrets from him before he was transported to the convict settlement of Botany Bay.

The Cloud on the Title.

The cloud upon the Yatton title was this: The estate had descended from one Dreddlington, a cousin of the earl of that name, who was also Baron Drelincourt. This ancestor had two sons, Henry and Charles.

Henry died childless and Charles, who succeeded to the property, died leaving two sons, Stephen and Geoffrey.

Stephen lived an idle and wandering life—a dissipated person—and was supposed to have died without issue.

Charles had one daughter, who had married the father of Charles Aubrey and brought to her husband and left to her son the Yatton estate.

But had Stephen Dreddlington died without issue? That was the point. If he had married and left descendants, then the Aubrey title was void.

One Weak Point.

The Saffron Hill firm upon coming into possession of this "clue" went to work upon it.

They ransacked records, they used all the "Old Bailey" wits known to them, and finally found out that Stephen had married some woman of low estate and she had left a daughter who had married Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, the father of the young man who now looked forward to exchanging the delights of a dry goods shop to the splendors of a great landed estate.

But there was one weak point in the case of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon and Snap. Harry Dreddlington, eldest son of the common ancestor, had conveyed his future rights in fee to a money lender to secure a heavy loan.

It was a "post obit," and if he, Harry, had died before his father, was of no value.

Then it was suspected that Geoffrey Dreddlington, the youngest son of Charles and the nephew of Henry, had paid off the loan and that a reconveyance had been made by the money lender.

A Very Pretty Case.

Well, it was a very pretty case for lawyers, such an one as my firm—reputable or disreputable—would rejoice to get a retainer in.

To make a long story short, legal proceedings were begun in behalf of Mr Titmouse and were decided in behalf of the ex-clerk.

Mr. Aubrey might have appealed the case, but he was a man of most scrupulous honor, and refused to take advantage of all the wiles and turns of the law of which he might have availed himself.

It was a sad day when the Aubreys were compelled to leave Yatton. And not only had Mr. Aubrey to give up the estate, but he was made liable for all the income received from it while it had been in unlawful possession—an amount of money which it was perfectly impossible for him to repay.

Lord of the Manor.

Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse thus became lord of the manor of Yatton, and that ancient and respectable building was turned into a resort for all the hangers-on and disreputable associates which the young man brought with him from London.

Of course, he was "bled" by everybody, and especially by his lawyers, the firm of Quirk, Gammon & Snap.

Having gone up to London—and law having come into his life—Mr. Aubrey determined to study law, and in the meantime he kept his family alive by writing for magazines and newspapers.

He had his wife, his sister, and two children to support. He might at any time be thrown into jail for the "mesne profits" of sixty years' incumbency of Yatton.

This amounted, under the statute of limitations, which, of course, reduced the amount, to about $300,000.

In modern parlance, one would say that the estimable Mr. Aubrey was "up against it."

Impossible to Pay.

Mr. Gammon called upon Mr. Aubrey at his London lodgings. Mr. Aubrey received him coldly.

"Am I right?" asked Mr. Gammon, "in thinking that you received a letter from Mr. Quirk about the balance due on your account—I believe you have been paying something on the mesne profits—have you not?"

"I have, sir," replied Mr. Aubrey, "and I find it impossible to pay more at present."

"Dear me," said Gammon, as if speaking to himself, "cold, heartless, sordid. I will tell you, Mr. Aubrey, that the older he grows the more mercenary Mr. Quirk gets. And he knew that I had arranged with you that you should not be pressed for the balance.

"My senior partner has broken faith with me. He and I have nothing in common. I am almost disposed to dissolve partnership with him."

At Their Mercy.

"Mr. Gammon," replied Aubrey, "the letter to which you refer—the one written by Mr. Quirk demanding immediate payment—has occasioned great distress to me and to my family.

"It is utterly out of my power to comply with its requirements and, if it is really intended to be followed up"—he paused and successfully concealed his emotion—"then all my little plans are forever frustrated—and I am at your mercy—to go to prison if you choose and there end my days."

Gammon began trying to soothe the distracted man—making profuse professions of good service and good will.

He would see that the matter of the mesne profits was not pressed—he was distressed that the matter had distressed the ladies of Mr. Aubrey's household.

Might he personally assure the ladies that there would be no further action taken in the case?

His Respects to the Ladies.

"Mr. Gammon," said Mr. Aubrey, after having for some minutes balanced the conflicting emotions in his mind, "there are only Mrs. Aubrey and my sister upstairs. I am sure they will be happy to see me return with the messenger of such god news as you bring.

"For, to tell the truth, the letter from Mr. Quirk reached me in their presence and we read it together. And were all dreadfully disturbed by its contents."

After a faint show of reluctance to trespass upon the ladies at so late an hour and so suddenly, Gammon accompanied Mr. Aubrey upstairs.

As soon as he entered the room Gammon showed diffidence, but he managed to keep his eyes upon Miss Aubrey, who turned pale as she felt those eyes upon her. In fact, Miss Aubrey was young, handsome and in every way charming.

Would Marry Her Himself.

Geoffrey Delamere, son and heir of Lord de la Zouche, one of the richest peers in the kingdom, was her suitor. Mr. Gammon decided once and for all that he would marry Miss Aubrey himself.

He would not press the case of the mesne profits—he would get Titmouse a little more under his thumb. Perhaps, when he was married, he might restore the Aubreys to Yatton. He had the strings of the matter in his hands.

Geoffrey Delamere was to run for Parliament upon the Tory side. Mr. Gammon caused Mr. Titmouse to run upon the Whig side.

And he elected him by a most unscrupulous use of money. Money used to be used in elections in those days—it never is now, either in England or America.

Looking After the Family.

When Charles Aubrey was ousted from the possession of Yatton the new possessor, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, had thereby established his relationship to his lordship and his right, as an heir presumptive, to the Drelincourt peerage.

The new man was a Whig: he was a bachelor. He was vulgar, to be sure, and was squandering the money. But, nevertheless, the noble earl invited him to dinner.

Family aggrandizement must be looked after. Lady Cecilia should marry with Mr. Titmouse.

Not a Happy Wedding.

Now Lady Cecilia was not of a very strong mind, but she recoiled at the approach of the little Titmouse, though her father had told her, over and over again, of how much benefit it would be to the family should she marry with the new owner of Yatton.

The earl even took his family on a visit to Yatton, and such pressure was brought to bear upon the Lady Cecilia that, at last, she consented to become the wife of Titmouse.

A very brilliant party attended the ceremonies and the splendid wedding breakfast which followed at the earl's house in Grosvenor square.

About 2 o'clock Lady Cecilia withdrew to prepare for her journey to Poppleton Hall—her father's residence in Hertfordshire—where the happy pair were to spend their honeymoon.

The unfortunate woman, with drooping head, allowed her father to lead her to Mr. Titmouse's traveling chariot—a most gaudy one—which was in waiting.

When her father kissed and placed her in the vehicle she burst into a flood of tears.

In a Lady's Presence.

Titmouse, who had become lively with champagne, hardly seemed to notice the condition of his bride, but as the carriage rolled away stuttered out:

"My, ain't it funny! You are really my wife. All my own pretty gal. We're man and wife, by Jove!"

He kissed her cold cheeks and then, when she said, "Don't I beg of you—I am not well, the Cockney felt that he was in the presence of a superior—a lady. He felt all at once that he had no business there—sitting beside her.

"Hadn't you better have your maid in?" he said. "I will sit on the box. That would make it a devilish deal more comfortable for you—eh?"

"O, I should feel so much obliged if you would, Mr. Titmouse," replied Cecilia.

It was done as she wished.

But in time Mr. and Lady Cecilia Titmouse were "at home" at Yatton, whence her ladyship wrote to her most intimate friend, Lady Blanche Lewisham, letters in which she intimated strongly a desire for the speedy demise of her husband.

Wickedness and Its Punishment.

The Lady Cecilia from being a soft and obedient woman had, by reason of her marriage, the marriage which had been forced upon her, become—what she was. She had committed an act of deliberate wickedness in marrying Titmouse and the natural result was following.

Whatever may be the accidental and ultimate advantages in respect to fortune or social position expected to be realized by a woman in forming a union with one who would otherwise be regarded with indifference or dislike, or disgust, she may rely upon it that she is committing an act of deliberate wickedness which will be attended, probably, all the rest of her life with consequences of unutterable and inevitable misery.

It is equally a principle of law and of common sense that people should be understood to have contemplated the consequences natural and necessary to their own acts even if done hastily. But by so much more if deliberately done.

When, therefore, they come to contemplate the consequences of those acts—let them not complain.

Placed Upon the "Boards."

Thus we will leave the happy pair at Yatton, where Mr. Titmouse was striving to spend his £10,000 a year—and everything else he could.

Meantime Mr. Gammon has made a great friend of the earl by straightening out some of his lordship's tangled business affairs.

Lord Dreddlington fancied himself a great financier and aspired to be chancellor of the exchequer.

His title as an earl was, of course, of marketable value—as Mr. Gammon saw at once—and in return for the good offices the lawyer rendered him the noble earl allowed the money saved by his astute business manager to be put into stock companies wild in England, and to allow the use of his name on various "boards."

Advancing His Suit.

Mr. Gammon had induced Titmouse to allow Mr. Aubrey to compromise in the matter of the mesne profits, and also in the matter of the costs of the suit which had been decided against him, allowing that the said Mr. Aubrey could find sufficient security.

He found it—much to Mr. Gammon's disgust—in Lord de la Zouche. But these negotiations made it possible for Gammon to make frequent visits to the home of Mr. Aubrey, and he saw, as often as opportunity offered, Kate Aubrey.

One day, the two being alone, Gammon, carried away by his infatuation, openly and clearly declared his love for that young lady. Kate Aubrey was astonished, frightened.

Rash Admissions.

"What do you mean, Mr. Gammon?" said Miss Aubrey, starting back from him. "We are, indeed, all deeply sensible of your kindness—of what you have done for us. But this language is painful to me."

"Do you know what I can do for your brother?" the lawyer asked.

"No; I know you have, apparently, done much for him."

"I have but one word more to say, madam," replied Gammon in a low, impassioned voice, evidently prepared to sink upon one knee and renew his formal offer of marriage.

"Resume your seat," said Kate, haughtily, "or I shall ring the bell and have you shown out of the house."

Gammon gazed at her with astonishment, and then said: "I obey you, madam. But before we part, Miss Aubrey, I have one communication to make to you. I have means, I declare to you, to restore it openly and honorably, by due process of law—immediately, permanently. Before God, madam, I speak the truth."

Trusting in Providence.

Miss Aubrey seemed struggling to repress a deep sigh, and pressed her hands over her heart.

"You are ill, madam," said Gammon. "I pray you wait until another opportunity. I really have the power to keep your brother not only from jail, but to restore him to Yatton. This rests with you."

"Must my brother and his family perish because I reject your suit? Then be it so. I trust in a merciful Providence. It is cruel, it is shocking that, if you know my brother is really entitled to the estates, that you—but why do I talk? It is high time you left me, sir."

Gammon took his departure, saying: "Madam, you are obeyed."

Kate told what had passed between Gammon and herself to her brother, and Mr. Aubrey wrote to the lawyer that he must thereafter cease visiting the house.

But Kate forgot in her agitation the most important thing that Gammon had said to her. That was that he had it in his power to restore her brother to his estates.

A letter from Quirk, Gammon & Snap was soon received by Mr. Aubrey, requiring the payment in full of all the costs and the mesne profits at once.

Of course, this demand was impossible for Mr. Aubrey to comply with, and the result was that he was thrown into a debtor's prison, from which place of incarceration, however, a lawyer extricated him on bail.

To still further show his malice, when the will of Kate's aunt, Lady Stratton, came to be probated, by which will Kate had been left a legacy of £15,000, the wily lawyer objected to the probate and applied for letters of administration to be issued in behalf of Titmouse as next of kin.

Lady Stratton had made the will, but had omitted to sign it.

Into the Ecclesiastical Courts.

Kate finally thought to mention to her brother the remark of Gammon that he had it in his power to restore the Yatton estate to Aubrey.

Mr. Runnington was present when Kate told of this, and he thought at once that some criminal mystery lay behind it.

He filed a caveat against the issuing of letters of administration in the Stratton case to Tittlebat Titmouse, which legal operation threw the case into the Ecclesiastical Courts, which, in England, have, or had, jurisdiction in cases of probate litigation.

Now the Ecclesiastical Courts are served by a number of people called proctors, who would seem to be a sort of detectives; for they pry into everything relating to the case at issue closely, making their investigations quietly but very thoroughly.

And matters of pedigree are their "long suit."

Troubles for Titmouse.

Meantime Titmouse was getting heavier and heavier into debt. He even mortgaged the Yatton property for £60,000—£10,000 a year was too small an income for Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to live upon.

Mr. Gammon began to fear that he was not getting his share of the plunder—the spendthrift would spend too much if not looked after. He demanded that rental assignment of £2,000 a year upon the Yatton estate be given him.

"What for?" asked Titmouse—and then an angry altercation ensued, during which Mr. Gammon told things to Mr. Titmouse concerning the latter's true position, that made Titmouse give the required assignment of rent charge.

Meantime Lord Dreddlington was having his own troubles.

One morning his lordship was startled to read in his morning paper that one of the companies in which he was much interested, a company the managing director of which had, the day before, given him a magnificent dinner—the Artificial Rain Company, in short—had, as it were, evaporated.

And that hospitable managing director, Sir Sharper Bubble, had "skipped" with the funds.

Startling News.

He drove to the offices of the late lamented company and found them deserted. He drove to the late company's bankers in Lombard street, and as soon as he walked up to the window and said "Artificial Rain Company?" the paying teller replied shortly: "Account closed," and turned away to wait upon some one else.

He drove to the office of Quirk, Gammon & Snap, and was shown into "Mr. Gammon's chambers." Mr. Gammon was not in the room and the earl sat down to wait.

Suddenly his eye caught sight of a paper lying upon the table. He started and put on his spectacles to see if he had read aright. It was the grant of rent charge upon the estate of Yatton.

Mr. Gammon came in and caught the earl reading the document. Lord Dreddlington demanded to know what the document meant—what was the cause of it? And Mr. Gammon told him that it was none of his business.

Finally he acknowledged that the earl's precious son-in-law was nearly a bankrupt.

Added Sorrows.

The haughty manner in which the earl treated him made Gammon conclude to make to him a disclosure. "Insolent old fool!" he thought to himself; "shall I entirely prostrate you?"

Then the lawyer went on to say that up to within a couple of months he had honestly believed that Titmouse was true heir-at-law of the Yatton estates.

"But," continued he, "I have discovered that this man Titmouse whom I discovered behind the counter and who has married your daughter, is only a natural son—and worse still, by a woman who had a former husband living."

Lord Dreddlington started from his chair and moved away from it his arms waving to and fro. His face was ghastly to see, his lips moved but no words came from them.

The old man was taken to his house. His daughter, Lady Cecilia, was there before them.

The fact was that she had been driven out of her own home by the cruelty and the creditors of her husband, Titmouse. She had come to her father's home to meet with this new source of trouble and sorrow.

Gammon Reproaches Himself.

Gammon was angry with himself for having twice let out a secret which he might have kept to better advantage to himself.

In the case of Kate Aubrey, passion had caused him to give a hint which he now saw had become a clew and which was being followed up by the proctors of the Prerogative Court.

In the case of Lord Dreddlington, anger had caused him to let out the fatal secret of the illegitimacy of Titmouse.

Then here were those companies of his blowing up all about him. He had sold out himself some time before and had intended to extricate Lord Dreddlinger—but it was too late; the earl must be heavily involved.

"Oh," thought Gammon, "if he would only die before he recovers his senses. That would be some relief."

In the Deep Waters.

But the earl did not die before he was able to tell Lady Cecilia the whole truth. She fainted, of course. She was in an "interesting condition;" the shock of the disclosure brought on premature labor.

The earl had a second stroke of apoplexy—it was a stricken house—that stately one of the old earl in Grosvenor square. Lady Cecilia died the next day.

The earl then got down to his country place of Poppleton, where he lingered on for some time, a hopeless paralytic.

But let us pass away, for a time, from the contemplation of these events of untoward and disastrous issue to persons and incidents of very different character. Let us contemplate the Aubreys.

Charles Aubrey and his loving wife and lovely sister had recovered a measure of their composure and even cheerfulness. But they all felt themselves "in the deep waters."

A Surprise for Aubrey.

The generous and timely interference of Mr. Runnington had secured them for a time from the tormenting attacks of those who seemed bent upon their destruction.

But what would happen to them at the next term of court, when there would be set in motion against them once more all that dismal legal machinery?

One morning as Aubrey was about to cross Piccadilly he paused to let pass him a dusty post-chaise and four. What was his surprise to see in it as it dashed past, Lord de la Zouche, whom he supposed abroad.

"What can this be?" he said to himself. "The letter Agnes had the other day from Lady de la Zouche did not say a word about Lord de la Zouche's intention of returning to England. Alone and in a post-chaise—evidently traveled all night from Dover. What can be the matter?"

Aubrey thought at first that he would go to the house of Lord de la Zouche and find out, then he concluded not to do so, but went on to Lincoln's Inn, where he was pursuing his legal studies.

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The Impudent Cockney.

From what Gammon had said to Kate Aubrey when urging his address upon her she knew that he had done some crooked work, but what?

"If we can only get him," said Runnington, "but we know all his witnesses now before we were fighting in the dark."

You see, the secret of the illegitimacy of Titmouse was, as yet, unknown to them. Lady Cecilia was dead; the earl, her father, unable to speak or write, and Gammon was not likely to make any more "breaks" upon that subject—he had had enough trouble for his indiscretion of temper.

As for Titmouse, Lady Cecilia being dead—and her child died with her—he felt and knew of the storm which was approaching him and his affairs.

Gammon had told him frankly that if all was discovered he would have to lose Yatton—perhaps go to jail for debt.

What does the impudent Cockney do but try to Marry Kate Aubrey! "Then I shall be safe any way," thought he. "My wife's father will hardly turn me out of doors, even if he does find out who I really am."

The fellow was still a member of the House of Commons and from there he wrote to Kate a letter which afforded the young lady both merriment and indignation. A part of this letter ran as follows:

An Alliance Proposed.

"I allow it is in dispute whether your respectable brother or myself are owners of Yatton. You see, the law gave it to me once, and may give it to me again and no mistake, who knows in this uncertain life. Whatever turns up, I can, betwixt ourselves, assure you that there is a big government job on for me, about which I can say no more at present.

"But supposing you and I hit it, what say you if I should propose dividing the estate between him and me and settling all my half on you?

"And as to the title, which at present I am sorry to say I am next to, what say you to your brother and I tossing up for it when it comes? His lordship is breaking, and I know who I'd like to see Lady Drelincourt.

"They run it uncommon fine here, but ministers must be supported or the country will go to the devil dogs. Must close, begging an answer direct to me here."

Important News.

The Aubreys were on a visit to the country seat of Lord de la Zouche when Kate received this precious epistle. Delamere read it, and it formed a matter of considerable merriment at dinner.

It was a right cheerful party, that dinner party. The letter of Titmouse showed that he was aware of some defect in his title—of some roguery of Gammon.

"I hope, Kate," said Lord Delamere, "that you have not been giving this young gentleman encouragement."

Mr. Aubrey had been up to town and had returned with important news.

"Mr. Runnington is skillfully unraveling," said he, "one of the most monstrous instances of fraud that was ever woven by man. We sometimes imagine that Mr. Gammon must have had in view the securing of Yatton for himself."

A suit of ejectment had been brought against Titmouse. There were various other legal machines set in motion—it is all set down in Mr. Warren's voluminous volume.

Past His Power to Undo.

The day finally arrived for the report of the Prerogative Court—the Court of Probate. And Mr. Gammon knew that his plans were "blown," his iniquities upon the verge of being all discovered.

He even saw in the paper that he had absconded—a defaulter.

And he had been promised a judicial position of great value upon the dissolution of Parliament and the return of Tories to power—the Lord Chancellor himself had promised it—Mr. Gammon was a man of ability.

He wrote several letters that night. Then he walked up and down the room for a while.

He looked at the glass as he passed and scarcely recognized his own ghastly features. He would have given the universe to have undone what he had done.

Then he took a bottle from the mantelpiece and poured its contents into his mouth. He fell down at once—insensible—dead!

He had taken all precautions to fool those who should find him there, and when they came and medical men were summoned, and a coroner's jury had been called to sit upon the case, it was pronounced one of apoplexy or organic heart disease. "Died by the visitation of God" was their verdict.

Judgment by Default.

With the death of its architect fell the surprising fabric of crime and wrong, the rise and fall of which is commemorated in this history—a fabric which, if it rose like an exhalation, so like an exhaustion it disappeared; and with it all the creatures who had peopled it.

Though Mr. Runnington's diligence and ability had set matters into such a train that, had Mr. Gammon lived to continue his most skillful opposition, he could not have delayed for any considerable length of time Mr. Aubrey's restoration to Yaton; yet the sudden death of Gammon greatly accelerated that event.

Notwithstanding the coroner's verdict, Aubrey and Runnington, and many others, strongly suspected the true state of the case; viz: that, in the desperation of defeat and the dread of exposure, Mr. Gammon had destroyed himself.

Toward the close of the term, Mr Runnington went to the proper office of the King's Bench to see if Titmouse had taken the proper steps to defend the ejectment suit brought against him by Aubrey. He had not—in other words, he suffered judgment by default.

Baron Drelincourt.

After some more legal red tape the Aubreys went back to take possession of their old home and Kate, of course, married Lord Delamere. Not long after the death of Lord Dreddlington made Charles Aubrey, Baron Drelincourt.

Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse went to the debtor's prison. But he lived there in comfort upon an annuity supplied him by the man whom he had wronged—Charles Aubrey, Lord Drelincourt.

He started to write his memoirs while in prison—but never completed them.

He finally got his discharge and, being knocked down in a fight with a man who had once borrowed money from him and his head having struck a stone, he became insane and was confined in an asylum for the rest of his days.